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THE GARDEN OF INNOCENCE

BY ANDREW LYTTLE

Thou hast multiplied the nation,
and not increased the joy: they
joy before thee according to the joy in
harvest, and as men rejoice when
they divide the spoil.

Isaiah IX

WILLIAM BYRD, in running the line between Virginia and North Carolina, found a man and woman living together at the seashore. Both were naked. But they were not in hiding. All privacies were open to the glancing weathers, although she with becoming modesty did let her hair fall down far enough in front, knowing, however, that the slightest breeze could blow it. For shelter they built a frail hut; for food the oysters she gathered. Occasionally she would drive up somebody's cow ranging the wild woods and milk it for the man. This, no doubt, was their idea of Paradise. But Adam and Eve were put into the garden to tend it. Adam's temptation was just this: men would live as the gods—that is, not work but have all things handed to them. The defect of Byrd's couple was that their idea of the gods was too human. And their idea of humanity too modest. Still, all of us have something in common with such frailty. We can't rid our memory of the hope of return to the place where sorrow and travail is unknown. Certainly the new world, in that day, seemed such a place, rich as it was in flora and fauna, as diverse in land and waters and climate as anybody, sick to begin again, would want for a place to start. The sweet smell of the land reached the Spaniards' leagues at sea. The rumor of it made a tumult in the heart all over Christendom.

But the ground was accurst. Outcasts, our ancestors could

only see the natural bounty through mattered eyes. Each valley beyond each mountain range, and the rumor of plains thick with grazing beasts, raised hopes. The Blue Ridge, the Alleghenies ("blue mountains" in Indian speech), The Great Smokies, the Cumberlands (named by Doctor Thomas Walker, Jefferson's guardian, for the Duke of Cumberland who defeated Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden): each of these, to land-hungry men, walled about some natural paradise; each was topped by laurel and rhododendron, tough as iron, blooming as the gates of hell, and so intertwined that only snakes could wind their way with familiar ease. To pass over: this was the heroic encounter. But no mountain man thought of himself in such terms. And it took generations to make these men.

To reach beyond, there were gaps in the mountains; but the Indian traces passing through were scarcely more visible than spider's gossamer. Betrayal and innocence on the part of the inhabitants did much to show the way. But the inertia of the first settlers, the strangeness of the land, their incapacity before it (many starved for lack of knowing how to live in a wilderness of forests) did much to delay the western invasion. To men on foot or horse, the vastness of what lay before them chastened their greed. It took several generations of woodsmen, Indian fighters, and those gifted in the knowledge of wild things before these gaps were crossed. And always in the way were fresh tribes of Indians who lived at peace with nature and somewhat at peace with themselves. Before the Europeans arrived to corrupt them, their wars were mostly ceremonial, as was the long-standing North-South war which persisted over hunting rights. The Algonquin claimed Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, but so did others, including their cousins, the Cherokee, whose rights were impaired by reverses in war. Whatever the Indian tribal feuds, the long hunters and explorers found them inconveniently present.

Each spring, as the snakes came out of the ground, the young

Indians of the various clans went out to get hair. This was their initiation into manhood, freeing them from the strict rule of the old women and allowing them to enter the sacred square at the green corn festival. Getting hair also let them join a fraternity and marry. Usually they went out in parties of from two to ten, unless a general war brought out most of the tribe. It was generally true of all the tribes and confederations, until the Europeans had thoroughly corrupted their ways, that all their actions, including war, depended upon the rites of purity. Nor could a man be made to go to war, or do anything against his will. The social pressure was always indirect. The most effective way to reprove or force was by ridicule or oratory, and the Indians had a very good sense of humor.

Any time in the spring, a great fighter or war chief would come out of his dwelling and strike the war pole in front of his door. He would dance and sing about it, until he had persuaded a certain number of braves to follow him. For three days his party withdrew into the leader's house, where they would fast and drink the ceremonial black root drink to purify themselves. Nor could they sleep with their wives. The success or failure of the path had nothing to do with skill or fighting qualities. Failure in these early days was caused by the impurity of the leader or some member of his party.

They set out upon the trace, walking in one another's footsteps, to disguise their number, the largest foot last for the obvious reason. A waiter carried the ark of war; and when they camped at night, the ark was placed at the center of a circle made by the fighters, spiralling around it and facing outwards. They could not lean against a tree or drink water, without the waiter's permission. Adair found the discipline so severe that he carried water in a hollow cane and would slip off to drink it. It was no sign of cowardice if the party returned to camp, when the good little bad-messenger sang overhead. But the greatest triumph, and it puzzled me a long time before I discovered why,

was to bring back a woman's or a baby's hair. This would seem to emphasize anything but manhood; and yet it represents the final skill in Indian fighting. The whole game—and it was a game—occupied moves and stratagems to get hair without losing your own. To return with such hair meant that you had outwitted the guards, had entered the town itself, and had got out safely, with the woman's hair or the baby's to prove it. Annihilation was no part of this game, except under certain conditions of great regional wars; and this was rare. Killing, as should be clear, was not the end: manhood and piety defined the war trace. When the English, in the late eighteenth century, forced the Creeks to make peace with their hereditary enemy, one ancient bemoaned the ill luck of this, saying their young men would now soften and become effeminate.

There is a story of two young men who for the first time took up the hatchet, without any luck. On the way home one of them from shame and desperation killed his companion and brought in his hair. The young man's need must have been great, for this kind of crime was rare. To the Indians murder was the only unforgivable act. Blood was the dwelling place of the spirit; hence murder was heinous. Therefore no Indian would eat raw meat. The women cooked it to death, lest they or their men be guilty of some impiety. There were no regular meals. They ate when they got hungry, dipping out of the sofki pot, except at ceremonial occasions such as the "first fruits"; but always a squaw before cooking would throw a piece of fat into the fire to make it merry. And on the long hunts, after the first kill, the hunter would cast a tendon or a piece of the tongue into the fire; much earlier, a whole deer was made a burnt sacrifice to propitiate the Master of Breath.

Rarely did an Indian eat at the white trader's board, for fear of pollution; his meat might not be done enough. The white man was deemed impure in all his ways, but especially because he ate hog meat. This food to the Indian was so filthy (hogs

would eat flesh, even their own) that he treated as criminal any of his kind who ate of it, forbidding him religious communion in the town house or at the sacred square, until the general reprieve at the annual atonement. These are loosely the words of Adair, who wrote a book which tried to prove that the lost tribes of Israel were Indians. William Byrd seemed to agree with the Indians about hog meat. One of his grounds for contempt of the North Carolinians running the line with him was their addiction to it. It follows that all beasts of prey were unclean and unfit for food, for the beast sucks blood as he kills.

Piety then was the source of the Indian's ceremony, and the ceremony grew about his belief in magic. The Europeans had happened upon a Stone Age people in full bloom, hunters all, nothing pastoral, although certain tribes were fairly extensive farmers. They were good fishermen, both in salt and tame water, as early accounts and shell mounds show. These people were doomed to go down before a farming people, when farming in our sense of it was itself doomed as a way of life, soon to be elaborated into the world of scientism and technology. For a while hunger for fresh land in this rich new continent drove people westward, to establish a brilliant landed society in Tennessee and surrounding states, the fortified stations rising on the successive defeats of Indian culture. But these thriving farm states were only a morning's favor, a brief fifty or seventy years of life before they, too, lost a war and themselves for generations to come. There are few farms today, only massive corporate ventures growing what bread is needed, the best lands under artificial lakes, a permanent flood to control floods.

I was standing by Great-Uncle Van's desk. It was in the corner of the dining room, I remember, and a window to the left looked out upon Vine Street. My head barely stood level with the sides down which rolled the top, as I looked at the two papers he was showing me. One of them was the land grant made

March 14, 1786, to Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Lytle, the bachelor brother of William, our ancestor. It was for seven thousand two hundred acres of ground, in two surveys, the larger one of something over four thousand around Stone's River and later including the land upon which Murfreesboro is set. The other paper was to William. It was brown and torn. It looked very much like a piece torn off a paper sack. It was brief: "We had almost despaired of seeing you." It was signed by a Bledsoe. I don't remember whether it was Isaac or Anthony. It's curious that a child would remember the name. Perhaps it was Uncle Van's manner. I think it was the beginning of my education: that ancestral riddle of the past, the name for the moving present tense, for nobody lives in the past. And yet the past makes for a great absence in the blood. Here before me, a child, was the evidence that the begetter of our line in Tennessee had passed by and had settled here. That paper afflicts me today with its mystery, commonly never understood and never resolved.

The note had to be written sometime after 1783, when North Carolina established the Cumberland settlements as the County of Davidson, changing Nashboro to Nashville. Isaac Bledsoe was killed in 1794 at the mouth of Red River near Clarksville, and Anthony was shot down in 1788 as he was tricked into stepping into his dogrun by two Creek Indians galloping by and giving the Who-who-whoop. Some member of the family had told me William was an Indian scout; so no doubt he had come this early to spy out the land set aside by the state of North Carolina for him and his brother Archibald. He did not bring his family to settle until about 1796. Archibald never came. He died a bachelor in Hillsboro. More to the point, he was in the upper chamber of the house of representatives. Most of these settlers in Tennessee knew each other back home, had fought together and politicked together, and chose the best lands. This was the human thing to do.

Names lose so quickly their concreteness. Nashville now de-

nominates a large abstract city. It brings things into a better perspective to know that when General Nash was shot down in the field, he was carried off it on William Lytle's sash. It would be still better if one could see the sash and its red silk made a blacker red where the blood seeped. But we have kept few of the relics. My father cut up a Revolutionary uniform to make harness for his goat cart. How much better if I could find some record of the wanderings of William. The nearest thing is a mention of Hardy Murfree, his friend and colonel, in the *Journal* of one John Lipscomb. On the eleventh of June, 1784, he writes, "Colo. H. Murfree overtook us. We sleep in the woods constant." None of the magnificence of the wilderness is noted, except by indirection—the exceeding rich land on Powell River, with buck-eyes four feet and poplars nine feet through, and the cane so thick it made a green gloom. The entire world was saturated with this green air, for the sunlight barely filtered through. The long hunters and explorers in this expanse of frontier moved month by month through this twilight. I had thought of them as having the look of well-cured leather. Their faces were bleached to a dungeon white. The Indians called them palefaces.

Powell's Creek is in East Tennessee and barely into the Wilderness, and from there most of the settlers or explorers went over Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, towards Boonesboro; then, circling back over the Barrens, entered Middle Tennessee. This was a dangerous enough route, but in the 1780's and even afterwards it was the only possible one. Dragging Canoe's towns lay across the direct way.

Dragging Canoe, among all the chiefs at Sycamore Shoals, refused to sign the deeds to Kentucky. He was chief of the small town at the Shoals, where the treaty was made; but he also was the son of Atta-culla-culla, or the Little Carpenter, the most venerable and respected of the Cherokee chiefs. Father and son held opposing views on the way to treat with the foreigners. Dragging Canoe understood their intentions—that all treaties

ended by the Indians' giving up more land. He admonished his tribal peers to give back their cows, their guns, their osnaburgs, and return to the old ways and the old weapons. This would free them of their dependency and give them a chance to hold their own. But Atta-culla-culla had been to England, had dined with the king and his nobles. He had seen the power of the English state. He must have decided that the Indian world was doomed, and assumed a delaying action as the only strategy. Towards this end, he became so adept at making treaties that the Europeans and Americans called him the Little Carpenter: little for his physical size, emphasized by his ears, which when adorned hung to his shoulders; carpenter for his skill in joining every part of a treaty.

So it must have taken courage for his son to break with his father, which he did when Henderson, not content to buy most of Kentucky for ten thousand pounds, traded for a road through Tennessee into Kentucky. It was understood by the Cherokee, when they granted it, to be a pathway with hunting rights on either side and no more. But Henderson knew that as the game grew scarce these rights would expand to include all of Middle and most of East Tennessee. It was the hunting rights that Dragging Canoe balked at. He didn't mind signing the treaty to give away Kentucky, since the Cherokee rights there were vague and disputed by Northern tribes close by. But then Henderson said, "I have yet more goods, arms and ammunition, that you have not seen. There is land between where we now stand and Kaintuckee. I do not like to walk over the land of my brothers, and want to buy from them the road to Kaintuckee."

At this Dragging Canoe, tall and pockmarked and fierce of mien, stamped the ground and pointed towards the land just sold. "We have given you this. Why do you ask for more?" And then, pausing, "You have bought a fair land, but a cloud hangs above it. You will find it a dark and bloody ground."

It was a fair land. All felt its magnetism and the diversity of its appeal, but few understood the magnificence of its beauty. The superlative forests and rivers and blooming meadows showed up the men who invaded out of a criminal greed—but, to be fair, out of a lingering hope of some paradisaal site, as well. Richard Henderson showed that there were degrees of criminality. The Indians thought him a great liar, and the king disallowed his purchase on the grounds that an individual could not treat with a foreign power; yet he was a man of sensibility, good purpose too, and understanding. In 1775 he followed his hired man, Boone, to Boonesboro and made this entry in his diary: “No Divine Service yet, our church not being finished.” However,

. . . about fifty yards from this place where I am writing stands one of the finest Elms that perhaps Nature has ever produced in any region. The tree is placed in a beautiful plain, surrounded by a turf of fine white clover forming a green to its very stock, to which there is scarcely anything to be likened. The trunk is about four feet through to its first branches, about nine feet from the ground. From this above it extends its large branches regularly on every side at such equal distances as to form the most beautiful tree that imagination can suggest. The diameter of its branches is one hundred feet. Every fair day it describes a semicircle on the heavenly green of upward of four hundred feet. At any time between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, a hundred persons may commodiously seat themselves in the shade of its branches.

This Divine tree is to be our church, state house, council chamber, &c, but we hope by Sunday Sennight to perform Divine service for the first time in public manner, and that to a set of scoundrels who scarcely believe in God or the Devil, if we are to judge by most of their looks, words, and actions.

These scoundrels were his men and most of them in his pay.

The diversity of people was as great as the natural variety in

the wilderness they entered. We tend to think of it as a movement in one direction, but threats and rumors and burned stations sent as many eastward as the lush lands brought west. A going both ways and private secret movements on the fringe of settlements in East Tennessee expressed the lure of the land, but to define this lure is not so easy. To say it was for land is not enough. Too many could not bear to settle except for a brief season, nor were there too many ideal long hunters, although trappers and hunters, especially the French, had moments of intense greed. Those conditions which restrain, such as wives, husbands, bad contracts, criminal acts, all such, certainly exercised a pervasive temptation to go west and escape, only to find the human condition there before them, in slightly different associations.

At the moment I have little information about what went on in our ancestor's mind. Cousin Ernest, his great-great-grandson, told me William lifted a mug to passers-by, saying, "Here's to ye and towards ye, if I'd never seed ye, I'd never knowed ye." Later I found that this address was common to the frontier. A more reliable incident had to do with the Indians. One evening the slaves ran to the cabin, saying the Indians were after his stock. He had the lights put out and made everybody lie down on the floor. He was a prudent man. He risked no life for horses. His own land grant, one of the early ones, No. 375, of 3840 acres, was near Nashville. He moved over there for two years and then returned. He brought a Mr. Thompson with him and gave him three hundred acres to live by him. He prospered here, a practical man of sound judgment. He built a saw mill, a grain mill, and had a blacksmith shop for himself and the community. He gave sixty acres to found the town of Murfreesboro and had it named for his friend, Colonel Hardy Murfree. It was the capital of the state from 1818 until 1826, when the capital was removed to Nashville. He died in front of David Wendel's store, of apoplexy. He died eating a peach.

When he first came spying out the land, the Cherokee were still formidable. There were seven clans, not including the Chickamauga, who were Dragging Canoe's Secessionists. These tribes were the Ani-waya or Wolf People. (The wolves were never hunted, being the hounds of the Spirit hunter.) Then: the Ani-wadi, Paint People; Ani-gilahi, Long Hair People; Anisahini, Blue People; and finally the Ani-gatu-ge-u-e, Kituwah or Beloved Town People, for the Kituwah was the first Cherokee settlement near the Smokies. This was the oldest name for the tribe; later, in William's time, they called themselves the Real People.

There was one other tribe, but this tribe underwent a strange transmogrification. Before its people got tired of tribal life and took to the woods, it was called the Ani-tsaguihi. I suppose that taking to the woods means that metaphorically they gave in to their animal natures, that threat we all know. And we all know what happens when we give in to this appeal of a carnal paradise. They did no hunting but lived off the berries and roots. Under this rich diet their hair grew long and tough on their bodies; their fingers turned into claws; and they walked frequently on all fours. The Ani-tsaguihi became the Yanu, or bears. Even as bears they did not forget what they had been nor the sorrows of tribal life. Out of compassion they taught the Cherokee two songs to sing when they were hungry. Hearing the music, the Yanu came forward and offered his body, his hide for cover, his sweet fat, reduced to oil, to make the squaws and young men shine at the dances. This oil was not indigestible. When sassafras and wild cinnamon were mixed with it as it was being rendered, it would keep in jars for two years, and the clans would never be in want. White storekeepers like Morgan on the Ohio traded for this oil, as it was cheap, and sold it to West Indian planters who fed it to their slaves. With other wild animals the Cherokee were more formal.

This courtesy was general among the Southeastern tribes: the

hunter always asked the animal his permission to be killed. There were other hunting customs. A member of the Deer clan, for example, who caught a Bird man with a dead buck, would say, "Oh! You have killed my grandfather. You must pay a forfeit." The forfeit was usually a part of the meat.

The Real People, as well as all Indian tribes, made a fatal mistake. They abandoned their weapons and gradually their ways of doing and making things, bemused by the magic of the Europeans. In the beginning of their foreign wars the bow and arrow were as good as, and at times better than, the gun. A Timucuan in Florida shot through two fifty-ducat breastplates the time de Soto and his men came hunting gold and found only themselves. Silent in its flight, the arrow did not flash and make a noise like the gun. Despised though the pale man was, the Real People could not resist him or his wares. Once they quit chipping flint for arrowheads and weaving cloth, they were at the mercy of that foreign power, sometimes English, sometimes French or Spanish, who furnished powder and shot.

To pay for this powder the Indian had to change his habits. He had always engaged in trade with tribes all over the country: red stone came from Minnesota for pipes; conch shells from the Gulf went everywhere to make beads, breastplates, hair pins; obsidian, good for arrowheads, was exchanged for tobacco from the South. In Ohio the great flint quarry served the entire East. So it went and had gone time out of mind, the exchange of necessities. But to trade with the European brought the Indian into a foreign commerce. He no longer hunted from necessity but for pelts. This change in hunting habits doomed the wild life beyond the Alleghenies, and hence tribal life. In a narrow sense this is the history of the world. Yet everything is in the manner of the change. Young Arthur pulled the metal sword out of the stone, the magical act which made him the King of the Celts. Symbolically the Stone Age gave way to the Iron, releasing through the young prince what was hidden in the Stone Age all along, its

successor. So the smith by the magic of his anvil or the hero by the magic of his sword, an extension of himself and describing his virtues and power, brought about a dramatic change in culture; then it was discovered that the young king was the son of the old king. After all, this made for no break in the inheritance, only a modification of forms and usages. With the Indians it was different. Instead of growing into their own new ways, they took the ways of those who would despoil them.

Heracles in killing the Nemean lion took on its power, and he wore its hide to show this. But not so with the Indian in his change. He grew servile in fact and spirit, not all at once but pretty quickly. At the middle of the eighteenth century the Cherokee could count six thousand fighting men. Thirty years later this number was reduced to a thousand. Their women grew infertile, having on an average two children, while around Nashville, at Eaton's station, or Buchanan's, or the Bluffs, a woman might drop fourteen as she loaded guns, milked cows, and went hungry, spinning cloth in the meantime or pouring boiling lead into the ear of a drunken brute lying on her hearth.

It is distressing to witness this slow decline in spirit, as the Indians dealt with these foreigners who were hungry for land and were assuming its ownership even before they got it. The last of the arts to go was oratory; but, persuasive as it was, it could only delay the tribes' continuous shrinkage in space. A Cherokee chief, the Old Tassel, made this appeal to the commissioners who had come together, ostensibly for peace but actually for land:

We wish to be at peace with you, and to do as we would be done by. We do not quarrel with you for the killing of an occasional buffalo or deer on our lands, but your people go much farther. They hunt to gain a livelihood. They kill off our game; but it is very criminal of our young men, if they chance to kill a cow or hog for their sustenance when they happen to be in your lands.

The Great Spirit has placed us in different situations. He has given you many advantages, but he has not made us to be your slaves. We are a separate people! He has stocked your lands with cows, ours with buffalo; yours with hogs, ours with bears; yours with sheep, ours with deer. He has given you the advantage that your animals are tame, while ours are wild and demand not only larger space for range, but art to hunt and kill them. They are, nevertheless, as much our property as other animals are yours and ought not to be taken from us without our consent, *or for some thing of equal value.*

This is the speech of a defeated people. It is cast, even, in the language less that of the old beloved tongue than that of the enemy. The contempt the old chief shows in his comparison between our animals and theirs could not save them their land, once they took to killing game for commerce and not for use. Their dependence upon us became so absolute that, by the time Jackson established the trail of tears and deported them to the west of the Mississippi, they had almost entirely taken on our "civilized ways", living in houses, owning slaves and operating farms and plantations, learning our speech and writing their own, which Sequoya had made possible by composing a Cherokee alphabet.

Their defeat, as always in cultural matters, must be laid to a religious failure. The American wilderness was little different from Merlin's magical forest. The mystery of the multiplicity of nature's forms, their intertwining and interdependence, the human and the animal, made for a communion between all living things. The respect the Indian had for the animal clans, killing only for food and clothing and doing this with a ritual respecting all life, mitigated the brutal facts of living, antagonistic and cannibal. Indeed, the Stone Age Indians resembled all Stone Age people, including the early Greeks, although the Indians lacked a sense of Fate, of a mystery which could not be propitiated. But the Indian did have in common with the early Mediterranean world the sense of the world's concreteness.

Everywhere about him the Indian saw substantial objects, helpful or threatening. A tree, a deer, a fire had its spirit, made manifest in the wood, the flesh, the flame which the Indian saw. He did not conceive of the spirit apart from the object or believe that the spirit had entered therein. Spirit was indwelling, not transubstantial. The sun was little bigger than it looked. All things were mysterious but there was no final mystery; and, since the spirit of a thing was so inbound, so attached to matter, its secret could always be exposed and made useful. It could always be invoked. If an invocation for rain failed, this did not mean that the rain was not subject to the shaman's magical incantation: failure meant merely some impurity on the magician's part. This might bring his death, unless he could accuse the tribe of its own impurity, which to the old men was not a hard thing to do, when flattened bean patches everywhere testified to adulterous acts. A long drought, however, might be the shaman's undoing. This he could not blame on the women.

Finally sympathetic magic is too simple. It is too pragmatic, as a religious doctrine too selfish and too carnal. Adair gives an instance of the limits of magic as religion. Drinking with some traders, an Indian lost his balance and fell into the fire, and the fire bit him. He saw no blame in himself nor in the liquor he had been drinking. It was the fire which had bitten him, and he addressed to it an irate complaint. He numbered the meats he had fed it, all the respect he had shown it; and now, considering he had been betrayed by it, to show his disrespect and his loss of faith he stood up and pissed into it. The standing up was as contemptuous as the act, since Indians squatted like women to relieve themselves. Only children stood up, and it caused merriment among them to see the foreigner or "tied-arse" people (wearing pants which bound them) relieving themselves like children.

One wonders, is magic indigenous to the world we took from the Indians? Is our economy of profane possession more profi-

cient in its technology than the Indians'? This possession, magical belief in matter as the only value, will it not escape the laws of our scientists and technicians? Will we then imitate the Indian stake and electrocute the scientist and the engineer for our common failure to make all substance give up the secret, and for our particular impiety in substituting the laboratory for the altar? Or will this be unnecessary? Will not the dark powers we have invoked do it for us?

At least the fiery stake and the women's gauntlet which preceded the trial by fire gave to the Indian victim his moment. This was no abstract electrocution. Formal, ceremonious, from the moment he put on the bear slippers (the black fur turned outwards) to the end, he could outshame his enemies by his deportment as he burned. He could hurl insults until the flame sucked at his throat, and in the final moment die with the knowledge of manhood sustained and triumph absolute. When the European first came to this land, only great Indians and heroes were put to the stake, and the greatest I have heard about was an aging chief, who sat down upon the hot coals in all his nakedness, and in this terrible exposure took out his pipe and quietly smoked it, as if he were among friends in the ceremonial council house. This act of nobility so moved one Indian that he tomahawked him.

As William Lytle dropped down through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, the long way 'round but the safest—Dragging Canoe lay across the direct route—the endless trees, the turbulent waters, and the laureled mountains made his path until he reached the high grassy Barrens. It was the trees, not so much the Indians, which he foresaw as the worst hardship of settling. No man then could have foreseen how quickly the settlers would go. Jefferson thought it would take a thousand years for settlements to reach the Pacific. Surely William must have thought there was all the time in the world; the land would never give out. When the Indians were wisely handled, with prudent management the dirt would keep and feed his family and heirs forever.